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Direct Expenditures of the Fire Department for the years 1853, 1854, and 1855.

Below will be found a correct statement of the direct expenditures of the Fire Department of this city for the past three years, prepared by a gentleman well versed in the matter, and a member of the Department. It is presented with the view to contrast the paid and volunteer systems, and also to testify to the people of San Francisco that the amount which the Department has cost them is but a trifle, when compared with the amount of property saved by the efforts of its members.

In the annexed statement no account is taken of the outside expenses of the Fire Department for the uses of the Department, such as oil, hose, construction of cisterns, purchase of lots and building engine houses, all of which the city would be compelled to bear, let the organization exist as it might. It will be seen that the total amount reaches the sum of \$105,965 19, being an average of \$35,321 73 per year for the time specified. The losses incurred by fires previous to the date of these expenses, amounted to about \$25,000,000, and since that time up to the present, the losses have been about \$1,000,000; those in 1854, amounting to \$308,500; making a difference in favor of the Department of \$24,000,000—all the extensive fires occurring before it was thoroughly organized. Since the first of the present year, the losses by fire have reached \$200,850, which with proper diligence, will not be materially increased, as the season for strong winds is rapidly passing away. If no greater value of property is destroyed each year than the amounts set down for '53, '54 and '55, eighty-four years will have passed before the same amount of property is destroyed, as that which accrued prior to 1853. Allowing the city to advance and improve in the same ratio that has distinguished her since her inception, there will be less danger from fire, for as each year rolls round, the city becomes more secure from the erection of brick and stone buildings.

It will thus be seen at a glance that every dollar bestowed upon the Department has been well expended, and has been the great foundation stone upon which the success and the great improvement of our beautiful city has been based for the last four years, and will be for the future.

The Boston and Cincinnati Fire Departments are the only paid organizations in the United States, and although it may not seem fair to contrast our voluntary Department here, with them, yet so much stress has been laid upon their beauties, advantages and economy, that we are constrained to give them a passing notice. The cost of the Boston paid Fire Department per year, is \$85,000, being \$50,000 more than the San Francisco Fire Department, and yet during the last year in Boston, where they have the Cochituate flowing at their doors, property was destroyed amounting to \$1,250,000; more, by a quarter of a million, than that destroyed in this city in three years. The Cincinnati Department, also a paid one, cost the government of that city \$90,576 17, for the year ending April 1st, 1855, the losses by fire at the same time being \$488,000, being \$188,090 more than has been destroyed in one year in this city, since the thorough organization of the Department. And although our engines are not propelled by steam, as they are in Cincinnati, they do not drink rum, nor throw bricks.

The great beauty of the Fire Department of this city, and main ingredient of its success, and in that respect unlike any other Department in the world, is that it is part and parcel of the community, for whose benefit it was organized. There is a common interest uniting them, and like the electric wire, the chord is no sooner touched than it vibrates with the rapidity of lightning, whether it be in gaiety or pleasure, grief or mourning. That the tie which binds them together will never be broken, the conduct of the Firemen will prove.

Empire Engine Company, No. 1.
1853—Rent of house for September, October, November and December, \$ 700 00
1854—Rent of house for January, February, March and April, 700 00
Rent of house for May, June, July and August, 700 00
Rent of house for September, October, November and December, 700 00
1855—Rent of house for January and February, 130 00
April 25th, for painting Engine, 34 50
July 14th, for repairing Engine, 156 00
December 26th, amount received for Building Engine, 5,000 00
For Engine Keeper, from May, 1854, to June, 1855, 560 00
\$ 8,850 50

Manhattan Engine Company, No. 2.
1854—March 1st, Repairing House, \$ 500 00
April 11th, Repairing Engine, 600 00
September 27th, Relief, 300 00
1855—February 15th, amount received for Engine and Carriage, 5,000 00
For Engine Keeper, from May, 1854, to June, 1855, 560 00
\$ 7,010 00

Howard Engine Company, No. 3.
1853—August 27th, Rent of Engine House, \$ 150 00
September 21st, do do, 150 00
do 24th, Lease of Lot, 1,250 00
do 30th, Rent of House, 150 00
October 11th, Rent of House, 150 00
November 19th, Building House, 2,500 00
do 30th, Rent of House, 150 00
December 12th, Repairing and Painting, 8 00
do 14th, Rent of House, 15 00
1854—January 7th, Rent of House, 157 00

1854—January 28th, Building House, \$ 50 00
March 4th, Rent of Lot, 120 00
April 7th, do do, 60 00
do 25th, Balance of Contract for Building House, 2,025 00
June 31, do do, 60 00
May 31, Rent of Lot, 60 00
August 7th, do do, 120 00
do 25th, Repairing House, 60 00
November 25th, do do, 120 00
December 6th, do do, 60 00
1855—January 31, do do, 60 00
February 1st, do do, 60 00
do 2nd, do do, 60 00
March 7th, do do, 60 00
April 7th, do do, 60 00
May 7th, do do, 60 00
June 11th, do do, 60 00
Amount received for Engine Keeper from May, 1854, to June, 1855, 560 00
\$14,815 00

California Engine Company, No. 4.
1854—May 13th, Relief, \$ 2,000 00
1855—April 10th, Repairs on Engine, 28 00
Amount received for Engine Keeper from May, 1854, to June, 1855, 560 00
\$ 2,588 00

Kulkebacker Engine Company, No. 5.
1853—Ground Rent, \$ 375 00
September 19th, Repairing House, 2,000 00
do 17th, House and Fixtures, 2,000 00
1854—Ground Rent, 375 00
January 7th, Repairing House, 105 00
March 25th, Relief, 2,000 00
do 19th, Work on Engine, 200 00
May 15th, Repairing Laster, 42 00
July 13th, Taking down front of Engine House, 354 00
August 22nd, Repairing House, 3,000 00
September 31, Building House, 3,600 00
do 14th, Repair Wall, 1,552 00
do 24th, Work on Engine, 97 00
do Water, 26 00
December 4th, Repairs on Engine, 306 00
1855—Rent of Lot, 625 00
Amount received for Engine Keeper from May, 1854, to June, 1855, 560 00
\$17,016 50

Monumental Engine Company, No. 6.
1854—January 7th, Repairing House, \$ 112 00
February 26th, do do, 25 00
April 7th, do do, 25 00
September 15th, Repairing House, 314 00
do 27th, Locksmithing, 16 00
December 27th, Repairs on Engine, 100 00
1855—January 16th, Pipe for Engine, 104 00
March 24th, Repairs on Engine, 50 00
Amount received for Engine Keeper from May, 1854, to June, 1855, 560 00
\$ 8,115 01

Volunteer Engine Company, No. 7.
1854—August 16th, Repairing House, \$ 100 00
September 26th, Raising House, 504 00
do do Repairing, 335 00
Amount received for Engine Keeper from May, 1854, to June, 1855, 560 00
\$ 8,509 00

Pacific Engine Company, No. 8.
1853—House Rent, \$ 300 00
1854—House Rent, 1,625 00
For Engine Keeper, 3,500 00
September 15th, Repairs on House, 60 00
1855—House Rent, 750 00
Amount received for Engine Keeper from May, 1854, to June, 1855, 560 00
\$ 6,745 00

Vigilant Engine Company, No. 9.
1853—House Rent, \$ 150 00
September 17th, Repairing House, 1,000 00
November 26th, Carpenters Work, 60 00
December 1st, Repairs on House, 87 00
1854—House Rent, 1,000 00
March 29th, Repairs on House, 20 00
August 2nd, do do, 61 00
1855—Ground Rent, 625 00
June 15th, Freight on Engine, 900 00
Amount received for Engine Keeper from May, 1854, to June, 1855, 560 00
\$ 7,231 50

Crescent Engine Company, No. 10.
1853—Rent of Lot, \$ 125 00
1854—do do, 250 00
September 15th, Repairs on House, 190 00
do 26th, do do, 375 00
1855—Rent of Lot, 125 00
do do, 250 00
Amount received for Engine Keeper from May, 1854, to June, 1855, 560 00
\$ 2,440 00

Columbian Engine Company, No. 11.
1853—Rent of Lot, \$ 112 00
December 7th, Repairing House, 1,000 00
do 20th, Raising Engine House, 200 00
1854—Rent of Lot, 125 00
Repairing House, 100 00
December 26th, Grading Lot, 250 00
1855—Rent of Lot, 165 00
Amount received for Engine Keeper from May, 1854, to June, 1855, 560 00
\$ 3,708 50

Pennsylvania Engine Company, No. 12.
1853—Ground Rent, \$ 300 00
1854—Ground Rent, 600 00
March 30th, Raising House, 300 00
1855—Ground Rent, 300 00
January 13th, Repairs on House, 325 50
Amount received for Engine Keeper from May, 1854, to June, 1855, 560 00
\$ 2,511 50

Young America Engine Company, No. 13.
1854—Rent of Lot, \$ 121 33
November 7th, Repairing House, 115 00
do do, 28 00
1855—Rent of Lot, 60 00
Amount received for Engine Keeper from May, 1854, to June, 1855, 560 00
\$ 87 33

St. Francis H. and L. Company No. 1.
1853—Ground Rent, \$ 450 00
December 30th, Relief, 336 00
1854—Ground Rent, 450 00
August 31st, For Truck, 4,500 00
1855—Ground Rent, 450 00
February 20th, Repairs on House, 125 00
Amount received for Truck Keeper, from May, 1854, to June, 1855, 560 00
\$ 7,321 00

Lafayette H. and L. Co. No. 2.
1854—Rent of House from November until August, 1855, \$ 3,500 00
1855—Appropriation for Truck, 4,500 00
Amount received for Truck Keeper, from May, 1854, to June, 1855, 560 00
\$ 8,560 00

Sansone H. and L. Company, No. 3.
1852—October 1st, Relief, \$ 1,126 50
1853—August 6th, Ground Rent, 200 00
September 23d, Truck House, 10,000 00
December 31st, Rent of House, 300 00
Amount received for Truck Keeper, from May, 1854, to June, 1855, 560 00
\$12,186 50

Receipts.
Kulkebacker Co. No. 5, \$17,016 70
Howard Co. No. 3, 14,815 00
Sansone Co. No. 3, 12,186 50
Lafayette Co. No. 2, 8,560 00
Empire Co. No. 1, 8,850 50
Vigilant Co. No. 9, 7,231 50
Manhattan Co. No. 2, 7,010 00
Pacific Co. No. 8, 6,745 00
Columbian Co. No. 11, 3,708 50
California Co. No. 4, 2,588 00
Volunteer Co. No. 7, 2,500 00
Crescent Co. No. 10, 2,440 00
Pennsylvania Co. No. 12, 2,511 50
Monumental Co. No. 6, 2,115 61
Young America Co. No. 13, 887 33
\$105,965 19

The Highest Prize.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

There are few strangers who have ever paid a visit to our northern metropolis without devoting one day to the wonders and beauties of Nahant. On that wild and rocky promontory, projecting far into the blue waters of the Atlantic Ocean and opposing to their fury an impregnable barrier, the scene of the present story lies. Fear not, reader, that I am about to launch into a long winded description of localities and mirabilia. I reserve that essay for a tour to Europe and a page of a London magazine. There, indeed, I may flatter up with some most splendid exaggerations, and tell the wonder-loving John how Nahant Hotel, based on its throne of ever-during rocks, tosses like a pinnace on the surf, whenever old Boreas and Neptune exact the "Tempest" for the amusement of the Nereids. But now, dear reader, I would appear only as the narrator of a simple fact.

In whatever direction you approach Nahant by water, your attention will be arrested by the proud eminence of its pretty hotel. The building is in keeping with the scene about. When it looms up through an eastern fog, it assumes quite a venerable air, and is clad in tints that might, but for its outline, stamp it as an antique coeval with its rocky seat. Well, I cannot fail not to attempt description, and so, with a *seal of the pen*, behold me in *medias res*. (By the by, is not the style of the last sentence very pure, according to the last authorities?)

On a morning in July, 18—, a group of gentlemen were attempting to dislocate the limbs of their chairs on the eastern piazza of the hotel. They were all in those various uneasy attitudes which distinguish our *admiral cum dignitate*, all in white jackets, and whiskered, made up by the last tailors to the latest mode. They were talking about one of the late arrivals.

"This Mr. Templeton is a strange fellow," said Captain Gable, a corpulent officer of an independent company—the never exceeds one plate of turtle soup, and I've actually known him to dine off one dish."

"A good judge of horses," said Mr. Snaffle, a member of the Long Island jockey club, the drives a dashing team, and rides like a Centaur."

"Manners not very distinctive," said Mr. Ormond Fitzherbert, a young scion of nobility.

"Manners' none at all!" exclaimed two or three.

"But then he has some money," said a millionaire. The company listened in respectful silence.

"Well now," said Jack Jaw, who passed for a wit among all foolish youngsters, "I'll wager you haven't heard the story of the servant and the beauty and water."

"No! No! The story! the story!" vociferated a dozen voices.

"You know," said the story-teller, "that all we know about this Mr. Templeton is that he is rich, vulgar and mysterious. Whence he comes, nobody can tell. Some say he's special ambassador from the Court of St. James; but that's all fudge. The man is nobody! The proof? Draw nearer, gentlemen; keep it secret, it's among ourselves—anybody near? The other night—general curiosity—a waiter—murmurs—entering his room—expectation on tiptoe—'Hou—suppression of breaths—Mr. Horace Templeton sitting on a table, with his servant beside him, drinking brandy and water, half-and-half, singing the execrable verses of Jim Crow!"

It was a lovely sunset; the calm waters of the ocean gazed like moulten gold away to the horizon. Here and there a saffron sail flickered on its yellow bow. The most talked of Mr. Templeton was strolling along a rocky path with a very interesting young man. Mr. Templeton was a middle-aged, florid, rather vulgar-looking man, with a green coat buttoned up to his chin, a white hat, white pantaloons and black gaiters. His companion was much younger.

"This is the air," exclaimed the latter, "to restore the bloom to a fading cheek."

"Umph! I am afraid so," said Mr. Templeton. "Afraid so?"

"Ay, sir, look at me—I'm in a plethora almost; nearly dying of too much health. Now, sir, I think there is something vulgar in this incessant health; it is an insupportable bar to success with the ladies, to distinction in fashionable society. The other day I woke with a very promising headache and hopes of an indigestion, but the confounded pure sea breeze restored me before breakfast. I've tried the wasting system, but I find I thrive on fish and vinegar. Ah! sir, if I could only compass a dyspepsia!"

"Strange man!" exclaimed young Clavers, for that was his name. "So much to be envied and yet unable to enjoy your good fortune."

"My good fortune?"

"Yes. Had you my sources of disquietude, you might well complain. And since I have avowed that I am unfortunate, I will tell you all, for I believe you to be my friend."

"Your confidence is not misplaced," said Mr. Templeton, grasping the hand of the young man.

"Well," said Clavers, "know then that I have just arrived from the South in pursuit of a young agent, whom a dragon of a mother has snatched away from me. They arrived yesterday. You have met them at table."

"Possibly. Their names?"

"Honeywell."

"Honeywell, Honeywell," cried Mr. Templeton. "O, yes! I saw them yesterday; the daughter graceful and beautiful, the mother amiable and kind."

"There you're mistaken, deceived," said Clavers. "She's a fury, and sometimes, in her paroxysms, even beats her servants."

"Beats her servants?" exclaimed Mr. Templeton, with horror—"say no more, young man, I hate her."

Clavers continued:

"This lady and my father were bitter enemies, and, in memory of that feud, she hates me. Not so the daughter; we are the Romeo and Juliet of the warring houses. The old lady will not listen to any of my amiable overtures, swears I shall never become her son-in-law, and has taken her daughter to this northern watering place to avoid the ardor of my pursuit."

"You shall have her!" exclaimed Templeton.

"My dear friend, can you assist me?"

"I can—I will—that is, if the old lady will

listen to the persuasions of a noted man—a millionaire."

"A thousand thanks," cried Clavers.

"Stop, young man; answer me a few questions."

"A hundred if you please."

"What's your income?"

"About five thousand."

"Right. Your age?"

"Twenty-five."

"Whom married, shall you keep house?"

"Certainly."

"Shall you live with your mother-in-law?"

"Never."

"Right again. You will want a carriage, horses, servants—will you permit me to choose them?"

"With all my heart."

"The affair is settled. Your happiness is certain."

Let us suppose that some weeks have elapsed, that Mr. Templeton has won the good graces of Mrs. Honeywell, and that he is *de facto* with her in a little box in the second story of the hotel, which she calls her parlor. We will take up the thread of the conversation at a very interesting moment.

"Yes, madam," said Mr. Templeton, "I confess it, youth and bloom have no charms for me—Some may like the violets of spring, I admire the fruits of autumn. Therefore, my dear madam, I lay my hopes, my heart and my hand at your feet."

Mrs. Honeywell endeavored to look amiable and innocent—she felt flattered and pleased, she accepted the lover.

"And now, madam, as you wish to see your daughter married, permit me to choose a son-in-law."

With some diffidence Mrs. Honeywell's anticipations were vanquished, and Harry Clavers received by her with a show of favor.

The nuptials were to take place in the little church of Nahant, and the happy pair to start immediately on a matrimonial tour.

"But the carriages, horses and servants—could they be procured in time?"

This question was asked by Henry Clavers on the morning of the eventful day. Mr. Templeton, of whom it was asked, replied in the affirmative—it was his prerogative to provide them.

At the appointed hour a handsome carriage drove up to the door of the hotel. Henry brought the carriage, horses and servants as belonging to Mr. Templeton. The liveries were neat and new—green trimmed with buff. But what was his surprise and that of the numerous spectators who thronged the piazzas of the hotel, when the eccentric Mr. Templeton sprang from the coach box, where he had been seated beside the coachman, dressed in a new livery suit.

"How's this," cried Clavers, "what is the matter?"

"Are you crazy?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Templeton, touching his hat respectfully. "Ladies and gentlemen, my real name is Horace Stubbs. I was born in a kitchen, reared in a kitchen, from a turnip to a major-domo. I was happy and contented, till in an evil hour, a lottery ticket given me by a fellow servant, drew a quarter of the highest prize. Five thousand dollars gave me the means of living like a gentleman, and I have lived like one for some time. I discovered that five thousand dollars would last exactly three months; the period expires to-day, and I am without a cent—But what of that? I've made an excellent couple happy, I've sold this useless equipage, I've got a master for myself and for these honest fellows, once my servants, now my equals, and a good wife for myself—that is, if Mrs. Honeywell holds me to my bargain."

"No, no," said Mrs. Honeywell, in some tripitation, "I dismiss you."

"Thank you, ma'am, I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. Stubbs. "And now, Mr. Clavers, the carriage is ready. Ladies and gentlemen, I am, in truth, your obedient servant."

The bride and bridegroom entered the carriage, the steps were put up, the door put up, Stubbs sprang on the box, and the vehicle was whirled away.

It takes a down east man to ask questions, but once in a while one of them finds his match—Jonathan overtook a gentleman who was traveling on horseback, notwithstanding the disadvantage of having lost a leg. His curiosity was awakened, as he rode alongside of him, to know how he came to meet with such a misfortune.

"Been in the army I guess?" said the anxious inquirer.

"Never was in the army in my life," the traveler remarked.

"Fit a duel, 'prans?"

"Never fought a duel, sir."

"Horse threw you off I guess, or something of that sort?"

"No sir, nothing of the kind."

Jonathan tried various dodges, but all to no effect; and at last, almost out of patience with himself as well as with the gentleman, whose patience was very commendable, he determined on a direct inquiry as to the nature of the accident by which the gentleman had come to lose his leg.

"I will tell you," replied the traveler, "on condition that you will promise not to ask me another question."

"Agreed, agreed!" exclaimed the eager listener; "agreed!"

"Well sir," remarked the gentleman, "it was bit off."

"Bit off?" cried Jonathan. "Well I declare I should just like to know what bit it off?"

Jonathan was no more inquisitive, and no more taken aback, than the inquiring Englishman, who had been betrayed into the presumption of asking a gentleman with whom he was traveling, if he was a single man? "No, I am not sir."

"Oh, I beg your pardon—a married man?"

"No, sir, I am not."

"Pray excuse me; I perceive you are a widower."

"No, I am not a widower."

The inquirer was nonplussed. Not a single man, nor a married man, nor a widower; "Pray, what may you be, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"It is none of your business; but if you are very anxious to know

